Volume LXXXII CHICAGO, November 21, 1918 Number 11

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

LAUS DEO!

It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

* * *

Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

* * *

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

* * *

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

* * *

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

—*Whittier.*

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

ESTABLISHED 1878

$2.00 PER ANNUM

With THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS, and all other organizations and individuals seeking to widen fellowship and to realize the Brotherhood of the Spirit unrimmed by creed, form or sectarian prejudices.

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The UNITY Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1918 NUMBER 11

THE HOUSEWIFE'S HYMN.

O God I thank Thee!
With every glowing part of me,
From the whole heart of me,
I thank Thee, God!

How shall I say it? What the words to tell
The warm, sweet glory and the bosom swell?
Forgive the language of my simple tongue;
I cannot say what wiser ones have sung.
Listen, and I will tell it, God, in my own way;
For I must speak it on this wonder day.

Somehow, Father—be it not shame to me!—
'Tis in such humble ways I compass Thee.
I seem to see Thee in the simplest things:
Foamy water that bubbles and sings,
Bursting in rainbows over the washtub's rim;
The clean, sweet clothes filling my basket to the brim—
How white they flutter at the wind's brisk will
That whips them whiter still!
And when, over the ironing-board billowing clover-sweet,
They smooth to satin beneath the friendly heat,
I feel such thrill of happiness . . . Forgive me, Lord,
If praise like mine should not accord!

God, I am one who cannot understand
The fearful works of Thy mysterious hand,
The great immensity that swings above;
The thing I understand is human love.
Yea, human love and human things: the touch
Of well-worn objects that I love so much—
Cushion and chair, dishes and pan and broom,
The comradeship of a familiar room;
My plants there in the window, and the glow
Of shining tin things hanging in a row.
Scorn, if Thou wilt, my common human way—
I must speak truth and only truth this day.

O God, I seem to find Thee everywhere!
The steam that rises from the kettle there
Seems more a miracle, somehow, to me
Than all the heavenly marvels that I see.
The hum of dear things cooking on the range
Fills me with rapture; Father, is it strange
Since these Thy products are of grain and food
And Thou Thyself hast called them very good?
And is it wrong, O God—my surging pride
When the rejoicing oven door swings wide
On russet bakings I have made to feed
My hungry brood? Thou knowest, Lord, their need.
Thou knowest how they lean to me for life;
Even the strong, brave man who calls me wife—
The father of my flock—must look to me
For blood and sinew and the strength to be.
This, then, the greatest, dearest thing of all—
To know that I may answer to their call;
That Thou hast made me mother, friend and mate,
Keeper of life and molder of their fate.
By this I know the universe as Thine—
That hearts and homes and people are divine!
Is there a greater gift in all Thy store?
My woman's heart is full—I ask no more.

O God, I thank Thee!
With every glowing part of me,
From the whole heart of me,
I thank Thee, God!

"The Hour Has Struck." —*Angela Morgan.*

Our next issue will contain the addresses given at the Memorial Service for Jenkin Lloyd Jones, held on Sunday afternoon, November 17 at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, also the addresses of Dr. Foster, Dr. Faville and Zona Gale at the Burial Service at Hillside. The increased cost of paper and composition will necessitate our making a charge of ten cents for extra copies of this issue. To avoid disappointment, those wishing additional copies will please order early.

The late election gives hope of nation-wide prohibition through the adoption by twenty-two more states of the federal amendment. So sure are the friends of prohibition of victory that a call has been issued and delegates chosen for a world wide prohibition conference to be held November 19-22. What a lesson can be had from even a hasty study of the fight against intoxicating liquor! Four thousand years ago the teachers of Egypt thus admonished the young: "Oh that thou didst understand that wine is an abomination and that thou wouldst abjure from the sedeh drink! That thou wouldst not set thy heart on cool drinks and wouldst forget the T'enreku. When drunken thou art as a broken oar that can guide to neither side. Thou art as a temple without a god, a house without bread." Later we find the Hebrews proclaiming the evils of strong drink, "It biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Yet in spite of this teaching and moral suasion, by the time Mohammed came along drunkenness had become such a common fault, the drinking of wine "giving rise to more evil than good," that it was rigorously forbidden. Moral suasion, education, high license, local option, have during the past four thousand years been used to oppose the evil of intoxication. Only within the memory of men still living was the proper method found,—prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages. Prohibition has been an offense to believers in personal liberty and for many years was a dangerous doctrine to advocate. All honor to those early heroes who stood firm until society found it could not tolerate the sort of individualism that demands the right to make of one's self a social nuisance, a moral menace or an economic burden. The pacifists have tried education and moral suasion since the days of Jesus. Perhaps the League of Nations will furnish the method by which war can be prohibited. When the world-wide prohibition conference is held, and the delegates go forth to convert the world, is it not strange that they will find friendly welcome among the followers of Mohammed but opposition from the so-called followers of Jesus and Buddha? O. C. S.

Canada's Thanksgiving Day comes on October 14. The *Chicago Evening Post,* in commenting on the Toronto *Globe's* editorial on that day, says it is but another instance of the high idealism that has marked the *Globe's* leadership of Canadian thought since the war began, and truthfully adds that a community served by such a newspaper has in that alone occasion for thanksgiving. We would add that a press censorship which during war time has tolerated such freedom of expression and brotherhood of feeling is another cause for thanksgiving. We are indebted to the *Post* for this excerpt from the *Globe* editorial:

And in the very midst of broken ideals and ruined securities of peace this young nation may well be thankful that the middle walls between class and class in the homeland are being broken down, the industrial strife silenced, the social antagonisms and the party clamor lost in the larger unity of a common grief and a common hope. It will mean a new nationalism if in the darkness and bewilderment of this night there comes home to rich and poor, to capital and labor, to the Haves and the Have-nots, to the Ins and the Outs, the deep and genuine sense of Canadian brotherhood.

And not in Canada alone. There can be no strangers or foreigners in a world of brothers and of brother nations. This hideous spasm is only a spasm. Briton and German, Teuton and Latin, Teuton and Slav—how skin-deep are the differences! How life-wide the unities! Hate is but for a night. Joy will come with the morning. For the sake of the Peace that is to be, and for the part Canada may play, ought to play, in the reconciliation bought with blood—reconciliation just, mindful of the crucifying of innocent Belgium, but not unworthy of Britain and France and Russia and of the new Germany and the new world—for the sake of the Peace that is to be, Canada today, and all Canadians, may thank God and take fresh courage. These will be the Songs in the Night. Thanksgiving! Q.

The *Survey,* in a long article considering the various problems to be met in settling the questions involved in the ending of this war, devotes one section to Russia. It is, we believe, a phase of the problem to which liberty-loving Americans are going to devote more and more of their attention. For many years the great dream of the people of this country has been a free Russia. Now that Russia has achieved freedom, any action that tends to deprive it of its liberty or to substitute any other nation's ideal of freedom for Russia's own is likely to meet with severe protest among the peoples not only of the United States but of the nations of the world. The *Survey* says:

President Wilson's acid test of the good-will of the nations, i. e., their treatment of Russia, their comprehension of her needs, their intelligent and unselfish sympathy—if applied to the public opinion of the United States finds us thus far conspicuously wanting. * * * We are both at peace and at war with the Russian soviets. We profess enthusiasm for the emancipation of the great Slav nation from the yoke of autocracy, but we do not have "comprehension," much less "intelligent and unselfish sympathy" for them when they try to put into practice the political and economic ideals that inspired them to break that yoke. The aspect of Bolshevism which repels us, the revolt against legitimate authority, the failure to establish standards which they thmselvse will respect, the unrestrained license of the mob when not under external control, is no creation of the first or second revolution. It is the ages-old disease of the empire.

Not only has American "help" for Russia thus far been so insignificant in amount as to be hardly noticeable by the Russians, but there is much danger that under the device "Restore order in Russia" we shall have in the weeks to come a more energetic campaign than ever to suppress by military force the self-expression of the Russian people's political notions. The liberal forces in America and in the Allied countries, if they really believe their own professions concerning the self-determination of peoples, will have to see to it that whatever steps may be necessary to stop bloodshed in Russia and to protect the nations bordering her frontiers shall not be more coercive than absolutely necessary, and shall not, on the plea of reconstituting order, impose upon that country forms of social order repulsive to its inhabitants. Q.

The *Public* in a long and carefully thought-out editorial on press censorship outlines a policy which the government will do well to consider in its handling of the situation created by the cessation of the war and the past policy of rigid prosecution of all protestants. The *Public* says in part:

It is to be earnestly hoped that President Wilson at the first opportunity will give instructions that will put a prompt end to the activities of the censors and prosecutors who have been kept so busy under Messrs. Burleson and Gregory. With the collapse and surrender of Germany, these activities lose all their sanction, and if they continue it will be conclusive evidence to everyone that they are inspired by some other motive than a desire to forward the prosecution of the war. The only other motive that we can think of, and the one we have some reason to fear, is the desire to discourage and stigmatize radical organization and discussion having for their purpose the bringing about of economic reforms. If the censorship of speech and press should continue now, it would give intelligent Americans of whatever class or political creed occasion for genuine alarm lest we have, as our radicals have insisted, let go some precious part of the essential freedom of a democratic nation. * * * The time is here to prove that it was a war-time emergency measure, and to justify it as such by promptly relinquishing it.

After enumerating the dangers likely to arise from the resentment engendered in radical, Socialist and I. W. W. groups by suppression of their discussion of economic and social problems, *The Survey* goes on to say:

Having procured an abatement of prosecutions and censorships, American liberals will be entitled to no rest until they have organized a movement for amnesty to the scores and hundreds of men and women serving long terms in prison for opposing some part of the war program. The war having been won, the nation should quickly find its way back to its ante-bellum tolerance of dissenting opinion, on whatever subject. True, the men and women in jail were convicted of violating certain specific statutes. But we all know how hastily these statutes were enacted, and how wholly they got their support and sanction from the fear of German nationalist activity by residents of this country. It would be a perversion of justice if we now release our interned enemy aliens—in many instances dangerous spies and plotters—and keep in jail men and women who opposed the war as sincere American citizens exercising what they had always considered a constitutional right to disagree and to express their disagreement on any issue. Q.

Yielding Not Peace

It may be noted that for an oppressed race or nation to yield to aggression does not necessarily bring peace. It more often opens the door for further aggression. To lie down before "an obvious abuse of force" is to recognize force as supreme. Just as I write this, Russia is giving an illustration. Without expressing judgment on any particular case, it may be said that peace is not inherent in non-resistance any more than in victory, while opposition to tyrants may become a duty as imperative as that of obedience to law.

In any event, it is clear that the sole justification for modern warfare is bound up in the claim, potent whenever authentic,—*it had to be done,* that in default of other defense against abuses of power the use of a counter force is sometimes necessary.

Waiving all questions of the relations of war to the individual conscience, it would appear that the use of armed force against force is politically legitimate, in three conditions: civil revolt against unbearable tyranny, national resistance against military aggression, and defense of other nations subjected to wanton attack.

The fundamental fallacy involved in "Kultur" is the promotion of national power through conformity and obedience rather than of individual efficiency through freedom and justice. The essence of democratic efficiency consists in a man's making the most of life while directing the process himself. Social justice enables him to do it. A static world of industrial contentment in which personal development is the restricted privilege of the few is (however disguised) a mediæval conception. No degree of mass-efficiency can atone for its cramping effect on personality and its suppression of individual initiative. D. S. J.

The World's Progress

A remarkable movement is going on throughout the world in the direction of the spreading and assimilation of ideas. This is seen, perhaps, most impressively in the widespread demand for the extension of the democratic form of government. China and Russia, which have counted as the most backward of the great nations, have become republics; and it is most probable that they will never return permanently to kingly and autocratic rule. If they are not at once developing peaceable and stable governments, this should not surprise us, in view of the barbarous rule under which they have existed for centuries. To have thrown off the old gives them opportunity to acquire the new, however slowly and painfully.

The same tendency primarily is to be seen in literature. In the old time nations were isolated from each other, and literature was largely of a nationalist type or limited to racial associations. If a little group of nations in western Europe were in somewhat close touch with each other, they knew almost nothing of what was being said and written in other and more remote countries. That spirit of isolation and exclusiveness has now in no inconsiderable degree disappeared, and we have become curious as to the literatures of Japan and China and India. We are studying eagerly the poetical forms and spirit of Japan, its drama and its theater, as well as its philosophy and its religion. We prize its art and its ideas for the reason that they are far removed from our own. The more remote they are, it would seem, the more eager we are to comprehend them intimately, and to understand the reasons why they exist.

We are not the less curious about India, its past and its present. We read no one more appreciatively than Rabindranath Tagore or with deeper satisfaction. We follow with closest attention the philosophical and political changes proceeding in that great peninsula, the manner in which it is assimilating western ideas and adapting them to the needs of the people.

The like curiosity and intensity of interest prevails with regard to the art, the literature and the philosophy of the great countries of the past—Babylonia, Egypt, and Greece. Their life and their history seem very remote, but, none the less, they are human to us, therefore they have a profound meaning for the life of today. It is not the great civilized lands alone, however, which appeal to us; but anthropology and ethnology, and even archæology, have given the greatest significance to primitive and savage peoples the world over. What we know today of such peoples, compared with what was known a century ago, say in the time of Rousseau, is astonishing in extent. We no longer hate or detest the savage; but the more we know of him the greater is our sympathy and our appreciation. We have come to truly realize that nothing which is human can be alien to us of today.

It may be said, therefore, that we study with zest the art, the literature, the philosophy and the science of all the peoples the world around. Not only do we study, but we appreciate, and we often admire. Can we say this in regard to the religions of other peoples? We hate the Turk, and largely because of his religion. We look with suspicion upon the modern tendencies in India leading to a revival and extension of Hinduism, because that great land is not moving rapidly in the direction of Christianity. We are constantly suspicious in regard to Japan, fearing its yellow peril, because it does not adopt the religion of the west as it does its culture and its science.

The great world movements of today towards the leaguing of nations are not those of religion, but those of commerce, mutual protection, and community of intellectual ideas. The hatreds and the jealousies are largely those of religion, especially as they appear in the relations of the west to the east. Here it is that humanity, and the common welfare of the world, have little meaning, while what is sectarian, traditional, reactionary is dominant and controlling.

In this direction it is evident that a radical change is desirable. Many evidences of its slow approach are to be seen. Surely, it is time we worked for a fresh awakening of the world in this direction.

G. W. C.

THE PULPIT

Not National But International

A Thanksgiving Sermon

Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in All Souls Church, Chicago, November 26, 1893.

O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise and exalt him above all forever.

. . . .

O ye children of men, bless ye the Lord; praise and exalt him above all forever.

—Apochrypha, Song of the Three Children, 35-60.

Thanksgiving day is peculiarly an American institution. So far as I know no other country has a festival day that tallies with it. The English church and probably the Roman church have their Harvest Home ritual, prayers to suit the seasons, but these are purely liturgical and ecclesiastical rites chiefly relating to a Sunday service. Most of the festival days of Christendom, and I think I may safely say of the race, are days whose origin is surrounded by mysticism, shrouded in mystery; days celebrating saints and miracles; days rooted in the supernatural. But here is a day whose whole history is, so to speak, in the daylight; a day rooted in nature, born out of the homely experiences of the human heart; a day unclaimed by miracle, a day from its very beginning secular and civic in its credentials, nay, more, a day which grew into power as a protest against ecclesiasticism and sacerdotalism. It was the Puritans' protest against the papistry of Christmas. The early generations of New England frowned upon the Christmas festival. It savored too much of Pope and priest, of pagan rite and the extravagance of aristocracy. Lucy Larcom, the most typical New Englander of our poets, in her welcome to Christmas in 1881, says:

Upon your jovial countenance,
Your overflow of human gladness,
My Puritans once looked askance;
They saw in merriment but madness.
That gloom has ceased; our annual feast
Rebukes no laughing guest as sinning;
From you, bright Birthday of the East,
The date of its own joy beginning.

My Pilgrims thought your wassail rude,
Your Yule-flames a barbaric splendor;
Your gay old English games eschewed,
Their graver gratitude to render
For hardships past, for peace at last:
Now, with larger comprehending,
We catch your cheerful meaning vast,
That gives the year a blessed ending.

These verses are quite true to history. Upon the solemn thoughtfulness which was the root of our Thanksgiving day was early grafted so much of the Christmas hilarity as thrifty New England could stand. For those Puritans were economic of their smiles as they were of their hours and dollars, but they could not wholly suppress the buoyancy of young lives or cheat the human heart of all its elasticity. And so, in their brave battle with ecclesiasticism and its formalities, they introduced, for strategic as well as for deeper reasons, a merry-making element into their Thanksgiving festival in order that the little men and women in their households might be more willing to forego the Christmas hilarities of their churchly neighbors. In those days it was not Thanksgiving *and* Christmas but it was Thanksgiving *or* Christmas, and one's place in the theological world was determined quite conclusively by the day he celebrated. In those days, to the observer of Thanksgiving, the Christmas trees and the Christmas gifts were an abomination savoring of superstition and tyranny. But the human heart has grown affluent in its freedom, wise in its liberty. It has learned to retain the human and the humane elements in the Christian festivals and reject more and more in that which is clannish and sectarian in them. It is slowly learning also that joy is legitimate, that those who hope for heaven beyond have a right to anticipate some of its joys and to begin here below the music of the happy life. But Thanksgiving remains after its polemic use has gone. The Puritan has adopted Christmas and the Churchman has appropriated Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving is a growing festival, and in its growth I find much encouragement. In its trimph natural religion triumphs. In its spread, human nature is honored. Its widening influence marks the growing sense of human brotherhood.

In studying this growth, then, let us recognize that Thanksgiving in its origin and its history is marked first as a liberty day, a day secular and not ecclesiastic in its origin. It was the governor and not the priest who fixed the day. It is true, the governor was much of a priest at that time without knowing it, but the priestly element was the unconscious and passing element. The liberty element is the permanent.

In the second place it is a nature festival, confessedly, intelligently so. At their roots indeed, most of the great ecclesiastical festivals are nature festivals. In their origin Christmas and Easter were sun festivals as much as Thanksgiving; but the nature origin of these days has been lost in the miraculous and ecclesiastical aftergrowth. But Thanksgiving is directly a field festival. It is a devout recognition of man's kinship to the soil. It is harvest bounty stirring the human heart with gratitude. The turkey, cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie have a legitimate place in the liturgy of Thanksgiving.

Lastly, Thanksgiving is a home day. From its origin to the present time it has been a family festival. It has made sacramental the ties that bind brother to sister, daughter to father, son to mother, husband to wife. There is something beautiful and altogether sacred in a festival the central magnet of which is in the hearthstone rather than at any altar rimmed by doctrine and reared in the interests of creed or sect.

These three phases, then, of Thanksgiving day,—a festival of freedom, a festival of nature, a festival of home,—would seem to promise for it a large place and a long history in the affections of men. And if I read its history aright, this expectation is warranted by the facts. Governor Bradford in 1621, after the very first harvest had been gathered by the New England colonists, made provision for rejoicing and suggested, as well he might, that such rejoicing should be mingled with praise and prayer. That first proclamation has probably continued in Massachusetts as an annual call from that day to this. One by one as the New England states came into being, other New England governors followed the example of Massachusetts; but for a long time it was considered a Yankee notion, a New England prerogative, and only those descended from Puritan stock, the Brahmins of America, were

expected to take any interest or were supposed to have any rights in Thanksgiving day. But a good custom is contagious. You cannot establish a monopoly of cheer. A smile will get away from you; it will spread. President Washington recommended a general day of Thanksgiving for the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and occasionally in the history of the United States other Presidents issued similar proclamations, but, if my information is correct, it was left for Abraham Lincoln to issue the first regular national proclamation for the annual Thanksgiving in the spirit and after the manner of the New England precedents. This was issued in 1863 when the tides had set in for peace. Since that date the President has issued his annual call to prayer, praise, and thanksgiving.

And now there is no festival of the year more solidly fixed in American affections or American life than that of Thanksgiving. And governors and presidents might well forego their cold formalities and what sometimes sounds like a little pious cant, for the American heart will not forget its home festival. It is already a legal holiday on the statute books of most of our states. It has escaped or is escaping theological trammels. It has been adopted into the common life of this country. Episcopalian rector and Catholic priest will take this festival as gladly into their church life this week as will any Congregational child of Puritan New England. Its spirit will take possession of Scandinavian, Englishman, German, Frenchman and Italian as truly and surely as it has possessed that well-nigh obsolete representative of a waning cult called the Yankee. There are few Yankees left. They have been lost on the upward slide, been merged into the larger life and they are now only Americans, citizens of the whole country, bearing in their hearts a national consciousness rather than a provincial pride.

Now if this day has broken over the barriers of Puritan severity, escaped the trammels of provincial pride, invaded the premises of creed-bound churches; if it has conquered Norwegian and Scotchman, Irishman and Italian, and has cast its genial influences over homes high and low, rich and poor, believing and doubting; if it has become a national holiday from Massachusetts to California, Minnesota to Florida, why may we not hope and believe that it bears within itself an international benediction, and that it will in spirit yet encircle the globe; not because it is American in its genius, but because it is human. Some of us have been dreaming of an American church, a church of the people, for the people, and by the people; a church that will carry the arguments of democracy into the things of the spirit, that will recognize the sanctity of the individual soul, the right of free inquiry, the inspirations of free thought, the sufficiency of reason, the divinity of man. Thanksgiving day is a festival of this church. It is a return on the higher mount of the spiral to the Vedic inspiration that found God in the forces of nature, read His will in the flashes of lightning, nestled in the arms of His providence, when it fed on milk of kine and goats, rejoiced in His bounty when the trees yielded fruit or the fields grain. But when this American church shall come, a church where the home represents a sanctity greater than the chapel, where father and mother are the divinely appointed priests of religion, and where the school is indeed the temple because a quest after knowledge is, say what we will, a quest after righteousness,—when this American church shall have come, the American element will be unimportant, it will cease to be the Church of America; it will have become the Church of Humanity, a church as welcome and as much needed in London as in New York, in Paris as in Chicago. It will be a church for Norway as much as for Minnesota. Indeed the forces that make for this church are not all, perhaps not chiefly, American forces.

Tyndall as well as Agassiz has taught the student in the laboratory to bow the head in wordless prayer, to approach the mysteries of nature with the reverence that becomes the searcher after reality.

> We have come in search of truth
> Trying with uncertain key
> Door by door of mystery;
> We are reaching, through His laws,
> To the garment-hem of Cause,
> Him, the endless, unbegun,
> The unnamable, the One
> Light of all our light the Source,
> Life of life and Force of force.
> As with fingers of the blind,
> We are groping here to find
> What the hieroglyphics mean
> Of the Unseen in the seen,
> What the Thought which underlies
> Nature's masking and disguise,
> What it is that hides beneath
> Blight and bloom and birth and death.
> By past efforts unavailing,
> Doubt and error, loss and failing,
> Of our weakness made aware,
> On the threshold of our task
> Let us light and guidance ask,
> Let us pause in silent prayer!

Carlyle, like Emerson, has summoned the soul into its own presence and taught it to discover the oracles of God within itself. Shelley, as well as Lowell, has sung the songs of liberty. Tennyson, like Whittier, has given this Church of Humanity its psalms of the Eternal Goodness. Mrs. Browning, as well as the Cary sisters and Lucy Larcom, has sweetened home life with God thoughts and consecrated home loves to heavenly uses. Robert Browning, like Longfellow, has identified the love of good with the love of God and made the love of the human heart divine whether centered on child, on woman, or on prophet. No, this Church of Reason and of Nature is not American, because Victor Hugo, Tolstoi, and Ibsen, George Eliot, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and George MacDonald are its prophets as much as Hawthorne, Walt Whitman, and John Fiske.

So if we would realize the Thanksgiving day in its fulness, make it in reality what it is in prophecy, we must lift it out of the limitations of matter, the limitations of race, and the limitations of creed. Or, to say it again, we must de-materialize it, de-nationalize it, de-Christianize it; we must raise it above the fetters of the flesh, the arrogance of race and the blindness of creed.

Let us try to help ourselves along a little in this direction. There has been too much wheat and pork in our Thanksgiving proclamations. It is a poor service of Thanksgiving that we offer the Giver of all bounty when we thank Him chiefly for corn, pump-

kins, and turkeys. Petty are our appreciations of the blessings of life if we measure them alone by the returns of the Agricultural Bureau. There is still something of the pinching thrift of New England that narrows and beggars life in our Thanksgiving proclamations and our Thanksgiving services. We measure our debt of gratitude by the year's income rather than by the year's output. We estimate the strength of our nation by the fertility of our fields rather than by our fertility of mind. We call that waste land that cannot be plowed; and call that hard luck that pushes us to our strength. Let us be taught how to give Thanksgiving praise in the lines of Emerson:

> Call not waste that barren cone
> Above the floral zone,
> Where forests starve:
> It is pure use;—
> What sheaves like those which here we glean and bind
> Of a celestial Ceres and the Muse?

I do not know how much silver has been mined this year in the Rocky Mountains; I do not know what the aggregate of corn and oats may be for the year; I hope it has been large. For this we give thanks. But if Thanksgiving day is to become universal, a festival of the Church of Reason, we must learn to give thanks for the hard luck that makes soft hearts, for the bad weather that makes good courage, for the hardships that make for character. We must probe to the core of the Thanksgiving festival, as Whittier did in the lines:

> Then ask not why to these bleak hills
> I cling, as clings the tufted moss,
> To bear the winter's lingering chills,
> The mocking spring's perpetual loss.
> I dream of lands where summer smiles,
> And soft winds blow from spicy isles,
> But scarce would Ceylon's breath of flowers be sweet,
> Could I not feel thy soil, New England, at my feet!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Better to stem with heart and hand
> The roaring tide of life, than lie,
> Unmindful on its flowery strand,
> Of God's occasions drifting by.
> Better with naked nerve to bear
> The needles of this goading air,
> Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego
> The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to know.

O, the bitterness of race prejudices! The costliness of national ambition! When I remember the outrages still visited upon those who are born with darker skins than ours, I learn to distrust the word patriotism and to respect George Eliot's definition, that it is the virtue of an inferior mind. And I learn to admire the piety of him who said, "The world is my country, and to do good is my religion."

One of the attractions to the sporting student in the Transportation Building at the World's Fair of 1893 was the combination pennant made up of all the yachting pennants known to some kind of an association, whose name I have forgotten. I, who could not interpret the nautical import of that combination pennant, found a charm in it on account of its spiritual import. There is no symbol more needed in the heraldry of today than a flag of nations; not the flags of nations fluttering in gay rivalry in each other's faces, but a flag of nations, a happy combination of color and form which will fling its cosmopolitan message to the breeze so that representatives of what are now rival and suspicious nations will look at it with pride, each saying: "That is my flag. Into its beauty my country has woven its life." Let us suggest America's starry field, England's scarlet flag, the lily of France, the Russian pine, and all the rest. Or, better, perhaps, pass over these distracting emblems that have won their glory through crime and bloodshed, hatred and rivalry, and contrive some apt symbol of the globes streaked with the primal colors of the rainbow, but blending again beyond in the prismatic white. Such a symbol we have already in the red cross flag, but it protects only the miserable. When a man is useless, mangled beyond efficiency, when he is out of the combat, then the world throws its protecting arms about him, lifts the humane flag of the nations above him. Why must a man be shot before he can be recognized as a citizen of the world? Let us work for the universal rights of man before he is shot; recognize the common right of all while in the service of Life.

Let us rise above our political prejudices, our national arrogance, and remember with Emerson that "that cannot be good for the bee that is not good for the swarm," and then we will exclaim with Paracelsus in Browning's poem, "Make no more giants, God, but elevate the race at once." What we should want is, not to get the advantage of our neighbors, but to be advantageous to our neighbors.

Deeper than the antagonisms of state lie the prejudices of creed. Meaner than clannishness is sectarianism. The world has more use for and God more respect for the man whose love of country overtopples into partisanship than for the man whose love of truth tumbles over into bigotry. I would rather be a narrow minded citizen of the United States than a narrow-minded Unitarian, Presbyterian, or any other sectarian. For inasmuch as religion is higher than politics, eternity greater than this world, man's religious life should be above all other and include all other life. Narrow as is the proverbial John Bull of politics, he is not so narrow as the Anglican archbishop who spurns all fellowship because he presides over the only true religion, and thinks it would be an indignity to his God if he deignes to be polite to Moslem, Buddhist, Jew, or Christian non-conformist. O friends, when I remember how the world has been riven in the name of religion, when I recall the bitter anti-Semitic spirit that has hunted the kindred of Jesus through 1900 years; when I remember the expensiveness of the modern machinery which we call religion, the costly piles that either out of ignorance or arrogance divide the interests of this community, depress the enthusiasm that ought to serve it, dissect the love that ought to unite it, all in the interests of some thought of God that cannot be substantiated, some loyalty to Christ, who does not seem to care enough about these disputes to interfere, I come back again to my admiration for the religion as well as the politics of the man who said: "The world is my country, to do good is my religion." And I see there is no Thanksgiving day in its fullest possibility until we realize that man is more divine than any of the creeds he has formulated; that the soul is more sacred than any script that bears its thought. That humble gathering around the meager board in the Pilgrim's log cabin in the Plymouth colony in 1621 to give thanks in the freedom of the spirit for the bounteous yield,

was the center of the circle which has been enlarging ever since and which must continue to enlarge not only until it takes into the family all the plebeian elements of the state, all the divers races that claim the protection of the American flag, but it must spread until it recognizes the fraternity of nations, the kinship of religions, the universal brotherhood of man. That splendid Parliament of Religion in 1893 was the legitimate outcome, the lineal descendant, the logical sequence of the Thanksgiving day in the Plymouth Bay colony of 1621, a festival not rimmed by miracle nor tied to a saint, however noble, but based on nature's universal bounty, voicing man's universal gratitude, giving wings to the universal aspirations of the human soul. And whenever you come down to nature, physical or human, you have come down to the universalities, nay, you have climbed to the universalities that include all saints and all Saviours. This Thanksgiving day, Puritan in its origin, is universal in its destiny. It is one of the sacred days in that Church of Man that is coming. It is the Church of the Moral Law fulfilling the prophecy of Emerson, "taking upon itself beauty, music, pictures, poetry."

I love the glorious colors of our American flag. It is my pride that I have been able to do something to maintain its integrity. But there are times when I am ashamed to be an American, when I seek to be large enough to love the world, just enough to despise my country when it does wrong, free enough to grant all the privileges I claim for myself to fellow-beings distinguished from me by the externals of dress, language, color, or sex or creed.

And so, proud as I am of the faith bequeathed me by liberty-loving parents, glorious as is the stream of Christian tradition, splendid as is the tide of its triumph upon whose bosom I am borne, these are times when I am ashamed of the name and when I feel like climbing into the highest place available and declaring to the world, I will not be a Christian because I ought to be a man feeling the woes of all men and sharing the faiths of all men, ready to take the hands of all men, not only of those who agree with me but of those who differ from me about the petty questions of history and theology, but who agree with me in the great rejoicings of life over bread well earned, life well lived, and a death nobly justified. I long for the time when we can make this church of ours stand for what it pretends to stand, when we can persuade this community and those whom we may reach everywhere that we really mean what we say, that this church is the *church of all souls,* that unless the Christian name is co-extensive with the love of man and reverence for the God of truth which Jesus taught in common with many others, this is not a Christian church. Rather would we be that free church of the spirit that glows with a sense of the sanctity of this life, the divine immanence in the bounty of earth and sky, counterparts of that greater bounty of head and heart, of love and truth. And it is in this spirit that we fain would "join all the children of men and all the wonderful works of the Lord in praising and exalting Him above all forever."

If, then, we can lift our Thanksgiving thoughts out of the material into the spiritual wealths of life, out of the national into the international commonwealths, and escape from the doctrinal and the dogmatic fetters of the religion that brings cruelty and enmity and distrust into the universal faith that seeks though it may not find, that trusts though it may not prove, that loves though it may be unloved, that serves in the midst of want, we shall be prepared to enter into this high festival of universal religion and join in the glad sacrament of the church that is to be, and we will gather around the Thanksgiving board with that joy that will make grateful and radiant our lives.

Here, in this place of prayer, now in this hour of thoughtfulness, while suffused with high thoughts of home, of family, as brothers and sisters assembled around the good father's board, let us now join together in invoking the grace that befits the Thanksgiving dinner of Thursday next.

May the bounty of the fields join with the heart-wealth of the home in quickening that life within us that is love. May the blessings that have fed the body be transformed into the thought that quickens, the love that serves, the love that unites, the love that uplifts. So we would come together to Thee, the All Bountiful and the All Sufficient Father. Amen.

WEAVING.

While we sat and worked at our looms,
The Master came and spoke to each one,
To me he said,
"You have worked long and patiently with those dull threads
I gave you.
You have made a decent border,
And good, quiet, even spaces.
But don't you see that it's only a background?
Take these colors,
Gold, purple, blue,
Orange, and red.
Now, child, make a brave design."
He passed on.
I looked down, dumb with joy,
At the rainbow thing in my lap.

The New Republic. —*Phœbe Crosby Allnut.*

THE TEACHERS.

They said to Hassan of the happy look:
"You know all pages in the wisdom book:
In what great college were you taught, and who
Your high instructors in the good and true?"

"The world's my college," Hassan made reply,
"And I am taught by every passer-by.
I find life's darker pages doubly writ
With many a message from the Infinite.
Yes, even her blotted record is a scroll
Shouting her fateful warning to the soul.

"Who were the teachers set my manners right?
The only ones we need—the impolite.
Who taught me to love justice, the august?
The only teachers needed—the unjust.
What teachers showed me virtue's paradise?
The ones with loudest tongue—the slaves of vice!"

The Nautilus. —*Edwin Markham.*

A League of Nations

President Wilson's New York address is remarkable for its emphasis of a league of nations as the "indispensable instrumentality" by which a just and permanent peace can be guaranteed. The ground plan of such a league should be discussed and agreed upon as early as possible by the people of every nation. The following considerations appear pertinent and important.

1. The best model for a league of nations is the American Union. Under our Constitution a group of "free and independent States," thirteen at first, now forty-eight, have kept the peace with one another a hundred and thirty years with the exception of the Civil War. That war can not be attributed to any defect in our federal system. No political arrangement that human intelligence can devise will be an absolute guarantee against war.

2. There is free trade throughout our nation. No State can establish commercial barriers or secure selfish economic advantages. Only Congress can regulate commerce between the States or with foreign countries.

3. Our Constitution gives the general government no authority to coerce a State, but delinquent individuals within the States may be coerced. Said Oliver Ellsworth, one of the men that framed the Constitution: "The Constitution does not attempt to coerce sovereign bodies, States. If we should attempt to execute the laws of the Union by sending an armed force against a delinquent State, it would involve the good and the bad, the innocent and the guilty, in the same calamity." The distinction between using force against individuals, which is a proper police function, and using force against collectivities, which is war, was clearly perceived by our fathers. They acted on the principle expressed in Burke's famous dictum: "I do not know how to draw up an indictment against a whole people." *This distinction is supremely important in the solution of the problem of world peace.*

4. Our Constitution provides a Supreme Court to pass upon disputes between the States, but it makes no provision of force to compel a State to accept the Court's decision, depending solely upon public opinion as a sanction.

5. Thus our Union is a league of peace but not a "league to *enforce* peace." Our federal army and navy have never been thought of as instruments for possible use in preventing New York from making war on Pennsylvania, or for intervention in case Massachusetts should attempt to annex Rhode Island. An armed conflict between States or groups of States in our Union is well nigh unthinkable and is not a concern of practical statesmanship. It is only because we have relations with foreign nations that an armament is deemed necessary by any one. But in a world federation there will be no foreign nations in the present sense, that is, no unlimited sovereignties, with the right to make war. Hence there will be no need of armies and navies, since there is but little reason to fear an invasion from Mars. Disarmament, universal and complete, is the natural accompaniment of the organization of a world league.

HENRY W. PINKHAM.

Winthrop, Mass., Oct. 10, 1918.

THAT CHANGE CALLED DEATH

I miss the welcome of your smile,
Your eyes that gazed so deep and true,
The warmth and pressure of your hand,
All the endearing ways of you.

But now the rose has come again,
And summer winds caress my cheek;
Deep in the perfume of each flower
I find that pledge for which I seek.

And sometimes when the gray dawn steals
So softly through my window here,
My heart leaps with a quick, glad thrill—
As though it whispered, "She is near."

And now I know that Death is Life—
That time and change but seem to be;
There's but a veil between the two
To hide Life's fairest mystery!

JANET FAIRLEIGH STONE.

The President's Desk

The story of President Wilson's desk at the White House is told by a London newspaper. It recalls such a happy little incident in the past relations of the United States and Great Britain that it is quite worth giving once again. In 1852, H. M. S. Resolute was sent to the Arctic in search of Franklin, but, getting into difficulties, she was abandoned by her crew. Three years later an American whaler extricated and towed the ship into port. The Resolute was then purchased and refitted by the United States Government and sent to England, by President Franklin Pierce, as a token of good will and friendship.

Some little time afterward, being past service, the Resolute was broken up in Plymouth dockyard, and from the timbers Queen Victoria had a desk made, which she sent to President Buchanan as a memorial of "the courtesy and loving kindness" which had prompted his predecessor to send the vessel back to England. The desk has ever since been the one used by successive presidents of the United States for their official correspondence.—*Selected.*

Japan has been wise enough to rid herself of the cigaret peril. When she observed that cigaret smoking was prevalent among her school children, much as it is in the United States today, a law was promptly passed absolutely prohibiting the use of cigarets by Japanese under twenty-one years of age—and laws are enforced in Japan! Time will demonstrate that this is the most sagacious preparedness measure ever written upon a nation's statutes. Strange enough, and with no little irony, the convincing argument in favor of this measure was: "If we expect to make this nation superior to the nations of Europe and America, if we desire to cause the light of this nation to shine forth over the world, we must not allow our youth in common schools, who are to become the fathers and mothers of our country in the near future, to smoke cigarets." America might well follow Japan's example.

The No-Tobacco Journal.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion"

THE USE OF TOBACCO

"Dr. D. H. Kress writes: 'It is my confident belief, based upon years of careful observation and study, that tobacco is doing more to lower the efficiency of American young men than alcohol.'

"Surgeon General Sir W. D. Cubbins, in an annual report said: 'In the interest of the army as well as the individual soldier, the cigarette habit must be checked.'

"Sir Bampton Gordon a few years ago said: 'The evil effects of the growing cigarette habit among boys can scarcely be exaggerated. It is a habit that causes deterioration in the physique of the rising generation and if we should have the misfortune to engage in a great war, this habit will tell against us.'"

In view of this word the scheme of giving tobacco to soldiers might be made in Germany and financed there for its promotion.

"Colonel Maus of the U. S. Regular Army wrote me some years ago: 'Young men are rejected yearly at West Point and Annapolis for undeveloped lungs and irregular heart action caused by the use of tobacco.' U. S. Surgeon General Rivey says: 'The prevalence of tuberculosis in the navy is due chiefly to the prevalence of the use of cigarettes.'

"The time may come when for the health and efficiency of the army and navy it may be necessary to forbid all tobacco, even though the proper time to teach abstinence is not ordinarily in the service. And again, in view of this testimony shall we follow the leading of the tobacco dealers and the unnatural, cultivated taste or the voice of wisdom based on experience?

"The call of the soldier is denied with reference to alcohol and some other vices. Why this discrimination for tobacco and against our brave defenders? If we must send tobacco, let us send it, not to our friends and defenders, but to our atrocious foes, the Germans. In this way we would be consistent."

M. P. L.

—From Boston Evening Record.

THE HIGH COST OF DRINKING

Every day we are spending enough for alcoholic drink to pay for any one of the following items, and our nation's expenditure for liquor for one week would purchase everything in the entire list:

Buy a five-dollar pair of shoes for each of 1,300,000 men.

Purchase gas masks for 253,000 men at $27 each.

Clothe and feed 22,830 soldiers in France for an entire year at $300 each.

Furnish 6,850 motor rolling kitchens at $1,000 each.

Purchase 4,566 motor ambulances at $1,500 each.

Construct 137 base hospitals with 500 beds each, at a cost of $50,000 per hospital.

Fully equip 2,055 hospital wards with fifty beds each, with beds made up and linen in reserve, chairs, tables, mirrors, foot tubes, 120 pairs of pajamas, bath robes and towels, at $3,350 per ward.

Shall we be more tender with the profits of the brewers than with the lives of our sons? *Mark R. Shaw.*

The Survey.

When you feel like quitting—Stick! If the other fellow is getting the best of you—stick. He will if you don't.

Stick.

The great successes of business and life are but repetitions of the same story—the story of men who knew HOW to stick.

Stick.

You may not like your job, but think before you change it. So few know HOW to stick. So few learn WHEN to stick. So few care WHERE they stick. You think it out with patience. Then—whether it be a job or a task—stick it out.

Stick.

To-day—start things and stick to each task until finished—completed in the best way you know how.

Just stick.

—George Matthew Adams.

From "Songs for Courage," gathered by Zoe Beckley and Joseph Gollomb.

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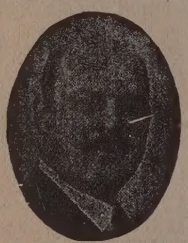

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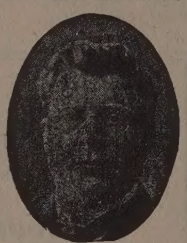

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